ON W. H. HUDSON'S VIEW OF NATURE

Mainly Through His Essays

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(*Received December 4, 1972*)

I Foreword

This thesis is intended to make clear the outline of W. H. Hudson's view of nautre, and to draw out its characteristics as much as possible mainly through his essays. As an outdoor essayist, he stroke out a path of his own in his nature books and cut a conspicuous figure in the history of English literature as well as Gilbert White, the author of the immortal work *The Natural History of Selborne*. This is not a little due to the singularity of his feelings for or rather spirit toward nature and his view of it, though the mere artistic side of his work, or art of expression, assures his literary success. And it is this very singularity which caused him not only to be a mere literary man, but a man of letters and a great naturalist. Two eminent tendencies of his essays are related so deeply to the outward double quality that without regard for this duality it must be impossible to understand him, and to appreciate his essays. Paying attention to these points, I intend to dig down into his view of nature.

II The Natural Objects and His World of Senses

It is no exaggeration to say that Hudson is, in a sense, a man of profound sensibility and a hedonist, but his hedonism never leans to luxury. About the keenness and insatiability of his senses Morley Roberts, who contracted a friendship of fifty years' standing with him, says: "To enjoy the present hour to the full, and look forward to the coming day with eager anticipation was his philosophy, as it is the unconscious philosophy of a happy boy."[1] And there is a passage in which Hudson himself thoroughly gives vent to his enthusiasm for senses.

> I began to think that seeing is not everything, since we have other senses; I wanted to hear and smell and taste and feel, to wrap myself about with these sensations, to pierce and dwell in them as some tiny insect penetrates to the hollow chamber of a flower to feed at ease on its secret sweetness.[2]

His enthusiasm for senses is strong enough to make him say, "Reading Wordsworth and Ruskin, nature appears to me as a picture—it has no sound, no smell, no *feel*."[3] And Edward Garnett called the whole of Hudson's writings "a tapestry of the sensations and emotions."[4] Hudson, so to speak, lived a life of sensual pleasures. Therefore, what is supernatural or super-sensible bears very little relation to him. In Richard E. Haymaker's phrase, Hudson had "his scepticism toward any intuitive or mystical experience that did not have its origin deep in the sensuous world."[5] For this reason, Hudson's God must be nothing but Nature herself, just as seen in the lines of *The Purple Land*; "Out of his heart

God shall not pass / His image stampèd is on every grass,"[6] and in the epitaph on Hudson's grave; He "saw the brightness of the skirts of God."

The *senses* is his life, and the sensations provoked by natural things through them, are his supreme pleasures. Hudson felt no strangeness in natural things—sun and wind and rain. In other words, he was a man directing or opening to the outdoors our "indoor mind" which has been compelled to undergo the imprisonment of indoor life. The emancipation of "indoor mind," or the escape from its imprisonment has one and the same origin—"the sense of disharmony between the organism and its environment."[7] The natural man, living an outdoor natural life, experiences a certain pleasure in all weathers and aspects of nature. All weathers are just good to those who love the open air. Hudson describes a woman as an example of a person who loves the elemental or the open air. She cries, "O me! O me! how I love the earth, and the seasons and weather and all things that deal with it and grow out of it."[8] Her exclamation may be supposed to be his. Similarly Hudson says as follows;

> What a pleasure it is to be out in rough weather in October when the equinoctial gales are on, 'the wind Euroclydon,' to listen to its roaring in the bending trees, to watch the dead leaves flying, the pestilence-stricken multitudes, yellow and black and red, whirled away in flight on flight before the volleying blast, and to hear and see and feel the tempests of rain, the big silver-grey drops that smite you like hail![9]

Is this one of the reasons why he was called "a visitor from another planet"[10] or "a foreighner" from birth to death? In order to understand the characteristics of his love of nature, it is absolutely necessary to analyze the objects of his love, and to make clear the qualities of them.

As is generally known Hudson loved birds best, and wherefrom did his insatiate interests and unexaustible love for them come? Here we have to grasp the essence of birds' charm according to his words. It may afford a key for the understanding of birds which have a profound meaning in his romances. Because Rima, heroin of *Green Mansions*, is a bird-girl, and Marta of *Marta Riquelmé* is metamorphosed into Kakué, a black bird, and Transita of *The Purple Land* is described as an image of a bird with white and blue wings from the heavenly world.

The mystery of birds so attracted and impressed him. It is the migration of birds, travelling to its nesting home in another hemisphere as if moved by some powerful emotion, beating the air with its wings. It is also the art of nesting which is instinctive genius. The birds' nesties are not produced only by Nature like leaf and flower and fruit, but are built with much labour by the "little winged men and women called birds". He was dilligent seeker and great admirer of little birds' nesties. However, what made him mad with joy was the intensity of wild life which birds exhibit—a wild life so vivid, so brilliant, as to make that of other beings seem rather poor by comparison. "The boundless energy and overflowing joy"[11] of wild bird life reveals "its glorious freedom and power and majesty"[12] in a magnificient sight, such as in the case of large birds seen in flocks and vast numbers—seen and heard. Moreover, birds have "the intelligent spirit, the mind."[13] Why, then, did he think of birds as the noblest and love them more than other animals? The follow-

ing sentence may be supposed to make clear its reason and his grasp of the essence ef birds.

> The bird itself is a thing of beauty, supreme in this respect among living forms, therefore, as we have seen, the symbol in art of all that is highest in the spiritual world.[14]

Especially the bird-note or the outburst of joy has the power to melt and change the hardest heart of a rascal into that of a pure-hearted child, capable of a glad, beautiful emotion and of tears. Does this not show that the birdnote pierces the listener's heart and melts the crust of it by provoking an emotion common to everybody?

Wild life, symbolized by birds, is itself beauty and refreshes Hudson more than the shade of burning day, and gives pleasure to him because of its wildness. Now the qualities of birds are brought to light, and most of them are true of all other animals.

While looking at a great soaring bird—eagle or vulture, the state of his senses and mind is "just as if the spectator had himself been miraculously raised to a greater altitude, while at the same time the blue dome of the sky appears to be lifted to an immeasurable height above him. The soaring figure reveals to sight and mind the immensity and glory of the visible world."[15] This is "the sense of freedom and elation"[16] which we experience and nothing but an instinctive pleasure. Standing on a great green hill, and looking across vast intervening hollows to other round heights and hills beyond and far away, the change in his senses and mind produced by the wide prospect of wild nature is thus:

> Here are no inviting woods and mysterious green shades that ask to be explored: they stand naked to the sky, and on them the mind becomes more aerial, less conscious of gravity and a too solid body.... I can almost realise the sensation of being other than I am—a creature with the instinct of flight and the correlated faculty; that in little while, when I have gazed my full and am ready to change my place, I shall lift great heronlike wings and fly with little effort to other points of view.[17]

His words, "the sensation of being other than I am," reminds us of his important statement on his own sensation caused on the plains of Patagonia, where animal forms did not cross his vision and bird voices assailed his hearing most rarely, and the silence reigned so powerfully that the mere thought of shouting aloud made him shudder and at last thinking had become impossible.

> My state was one of *suspense* and *watchfulness*: yet I had no expectation of meeting with an adventure, and felt as free from apprehension as I feel now when sitting in a room in London. The change in me was just as great and wonderful as if I had changed my identity for that of another man or animal; but at the time I was powerless to wonder at or speculate about it; the state seemed familiar rather than strange, and although accompanied by a strong feeling of elation, I did not knw it—did not know that something had come between me and my intellect—until I lost it and retured to my former self—to thinking, and the old insipid existence.[18]

From these two quotations we can infer that natural things have transferred him from the state of human being to that of animal by depriving him of his ego and selfconsciousness, and, moreover, restored him to the primitive state of mind by releasing him from the external world, such as the civilization, society, customs and so on. The return from intellect

and thinking to the primitive and the instinctive world is "feeling of elation which rises to an intense gladness"[19] or a sensuous fullness of life for him. It seems to stand out in sharp contrast to R. W. Emerson's experience, who, standing on bare ground, all mean egotism vanish and said, "I am nothing," and "the currents of the universal Being circulate through me; I am part or parcel of God."[20] Hudson returns to the primitive world, and Emerson to religion. Thus, to be one with nature and to forget all about him save that he was a wild creature of the earth's fertility, seems characteristic of Hudson.

By the way, since the elements of animals' being are similar to our own, we can readily enter into the rhythm of their lives, and our sympathy toward them is heightened by the realization of their sharing in our destiny. Some of the reasons why Hudson loves animals especially in the natural world, are the keenness of their senses, the sureness of their instincts, their want of selfconsciousness, their ability to live in the present untroubled with moral problems, the integration of their lives—an integration that comes partly from a close relationship with nature and the ability to synthesize their experiences more completely than we do.

The most important element of his sensationism is his sense of deauty, so that many of natural objects in his essays are described aesthetically. It seems better to touch upon his 'sense of thing itself' before we go into his æstheticism. To sum up his view of 'the sense of thing itself,' it is as follows.

Thing itself is expressionless, yet when it is felt emotionally it has an expression. In other words, thing may be agreeable if its quality is good, but it is expressionless. And we must see thing emotionally, namely, with associations or a train of ideas so that it may have the power of expression, that is: thing has an expression for the first time when it is seen through "human associations"[21] and becomes what Hudson called "human and ours."[22] Therefore, it is not the quality of thing itself which moves us, but "we receive just what we give." And expression is not everything, for there is in some things a charm so great that we love them when we see for the first time, even if they are seen without associations with happy past, and in such a case we can suppose that "the emotional expression, if it exists at all, is produced indirectly and forms but a slight element in the aesthetic effect."[23]

His fundamental "sense of thing itself" is based on the fact that he saw and felt nature emotionally or imaginatively. It is, in his phrase, "In imagination one sees, and seeing feels..."[24] or "to see emotionally."[25] For this reason, Hudson's animism is truly a sort of emotion. And it is nothing but "the projection of ourselves into nature"[26] or, to say more precisely, "the mind's projection of itself into Nature."[27] However, in thc great hours that came to but a few he did not project his mind only, but lost his sense of separation and floated, as it were, into great flood of universal life and energy, just as seen in his words; "It was so wonderful a sight I *became* the blue of the sky and the bugloss and the air! Why, I didn't seem to walk, I just floated, floated!"[28] But the most important matter is that unlike both pantheist and mystic, he did not lose sight of nature, nor did he sink it in a philosophic scheme or subjective vision. We may safely say that this characterizes his view of nature.

The first primal feature of his aestheticism lies in his seeing of natural object in relation

to the whole, or as a part of it. We may draw a typical instance from his view of cathedrals. Though Salisbury Cathedral is a gem of great value that would look just as well in any other setting, "it receives nothing from, and gives nothing to nature." On the contrary, Chichester Cathedral is itself "an inferior work," but he sees in it "nothing but an object that fits in with and forms a part of the landscape; more than that, it pulls the scene together, and gives it unity and distinction."[29] Thus, he admires the organic and harmonious beauty of the cathedral.

This feature of his aestheticism is found in his observation of birds. He must strictly observe birds, their life, freedom and intelligent spirit, in a state of nature. The pursuit of beauty of objects organic and harmonious with the whole of nature, is verily the essence of his aestheticism. He knew that it was of no avail to take a bird in his hands or confine it in a cage, for it would ruin the aforesaid qualities of it.

> I had never had an opportunity of looking at a redwing so closely before in such a favourable light, and, seeing it in that way, I found it a more beautiful bird than I had thought it. Perched at a height of above five feet, it was seen against the pale sky in that soft sunlight, pale but crystal clear, and its eyes and every delicate shade in its colouring were distinctly visible.... I could not have seen it betrer, nor so well, if I had held it dead with glazed eyes in my hand; but the dead bird, however brilliant in its colours it may be, I cannot admire. It is beautiful nevertheless, it may be said, because of the colour and the habit, of the living, intelligent spirit which is no more. This gold-red hair, which sparkles like gold in the sunlight when I hold it up, which was exceedingly beautiful when it glorified the head of one that has vanished—this hair is not now beautiful to me but only ineffably sad.[30]

Hudson says in *Hampshire Days* that "the sense of the beautiful is God's best gift to the soul,"[31] so, as Robert Hamilton points out in his *The Vision of Earth, W. H. Hudson*, "the quality of Hudson's vision is primarily aesthetic,"[32] but it is well-balanced and saved from the tendency to fanaticism by rational and scientific elements. Thus he approached to Nature aesthetically, and the result was that the whole of nature became the kind of beauty he sought after, superior to artificial things. Consequently, he came to be confirmed that "effects in nature" were beyond all workings of men and all sorts of art. But he sees the external world so aesthetically that he looks upon Chichester's spire or what he calls "true cottages" as a part of nature. He says of "true cottages" that undoubtedly they are not so covenient to live in as the modern ones, which have spread a wave of ugliness over the country; they do not offend but please the eye, and that they are weathered and in harmony with surrounding nature.

> They (true cottages) are smaller than the modern-built habitations; they are weathered and coloured by sun and wind and rain and many lowly vegetable forms to a harmony with nature. They appear related to the trees amid which they stand, to the river and meadows, to the sloping downs at the side and to the sky and clouds over all.[33]

Here the "true cottages" have become the natural, and accordingly, are things of beauty and charm. Judging from such a way of his seeing of objects, we can recognize in his aestheticism a general formula: the natural thing is the beautiful. Even the work of man,

if it had anything homely or humble, appeared to him to be the natural thing, and had "entered the soul" of him. On the contrary, he hated the big house garden or gardener's garden with everthing growing in it for their artificiality or unnaturalness: for their want of liberty and beauty. His aesthetic belief that the natural thing is superior to the artificial is so firm that he comes to be a thorough worshipper of nature, who says, "a pool of rain water is beyond the reach of art."[34] Music was inexpressibly delightful to him, but he was cold to it when he was in company with or very near to or fresh from nature. What is regarded as perfection and the best expression of all that is best in man, is not a great thing to him. It could not wholly swamp his intellect, though it enchanted him. Because he had a sense of something abnormal or disharmonious in it. Music, for him, was nothing but the natural sounds, and they were "elemental music of nature,"[35] of winds and waters, and of bird voices. Sounds of the sentient and non-sentient beings, so long as they are natural, are to him "all musical, and are in a sense music" because their perfectness and harmony is beauty. Now that natural objects and his world of senses have been seen, next we must understand how nature, as a whole, is related to Hudson. He receives nature as she is, feeling no strangeness in her, and enjoys the unspoiled "unity with natnre" [36] without falling into luxury. His occasional oneness with nature is complete, and nature is "all part of him," so that there is no distance between man and nature in him. Furthermore, we never find such moralizing phrases in his essays as "Let nature be your teacher"[37] or "Return to nature," since he observed nature in a aesthetic or objective attitude of mind. He only put down the happy effect of Nature on man. The visible world is to him more beautiful and interesting than most persons, so that the delight he experienced in communings with Nature and a recollection of vanished happiness let him feel that "it is infinitely better to be than not to be"[38] in his worst times when he was compelled to exist shut out from Nature in Lodon for long periods. The following passages express very well how much Nature is to him.

> There was no such bar in my case; being one we could not asunder dwell. For my mistress is more to me than any Cynthia to any poet; she is immortal and has green hair and green eyes, and her body and soul are green, and to those who live and love her she gives a green soul as a special favour.[39]

Nature is his mitress and "green" is her symbolic colour. He experiences a sense of relief, of escape from confinement and joyful liberation which is due to the artificiality of the conditions of London, when he repairs to a rustic village. "In me the sense of relief is so strong that on the first coming out to where there are woods and fields and hedges, I am almost moved to tears,"[40] so he says. It also expresses how inseparable from Nature Hudson is. The mere feel of blade of grass really made him happy.

"My mistress" is "Mother Nature" (he often uses this phrase) who embrace man with feminine tenderness, However, is she the whole of *his* Nature? Seeing that Hudson does not have so much a traditional taste for rurality but rather shows a preference for the downs of Hampshire and Wiltshire, we can easily infer that the pampas have exerted a far-reaching influence on his view of nature. So, we must first throw light on the pampas, then their influence on him. He gives account of his birthplace;

> The pampas are, in most places, level as a billiard-table; just where we lived, however, the country happened to be undulating, and our house stood on the summit of one of the highest elavations. Before the house stretched a great grassy plain, level to the horizon, while at the back it sloped abruptly down to a broad, deep stream, which emptied itself in the river Plata, about six miles to the east.[41]

However, the peculiarity of the pampas is, as seen in Patagonia, "solitary wilderness, resting far off in its primitive and desolate peace, untouched by man, remote from civilisation,"[42] where rules "unsubdued, or only partially subdued Nature."[43] It may be natural that Hudson should not taste so much the traditional pleasures of English rural life. Because he is born and bred in the pampas whose climate is quite different from the comparatively mild one of England, where Nature serves "her bad taskmaster Man." The South Downs have something analogous to the climatic aspects of the pampas, so that he describes the natural objects and human life of the downs with affection and nostalgia. His words, "I love open space best,"[44] estrange himself from the traditional taste for rurality. He does not care so much for such a village as an out-of-the-world Hampshire one whose charm consists mainly in its seclusion, in its being hidden from the world in a hollow among woods and hills, and where nature and man live in a close companionship. Therefore, Hudson travelled to Patagonia, to the South Downs, and to Cornwall, or the land's end, and his curiosity about Nature and life was not satisfied with "a confined society"[45] or a closed world.

The scene of *A Shepherd's Life* is laid in Salisbury Plains, and not the mere interest in shepherds' lives but the predilection for the "barrenness" and "wide vacant expance"[46] of the plains, is just the sufficient reason for his deepening attachment to the downs. There is no features that make a place attractive; no noble scenery, woods and waters; deer parks and old houses, stately and beautiful; ancient monuments and historical associations.

> It began to seem to me that I liked it (the village of Winterbourn beshop) more and more because of its very barrenness, ... there was nothing here but that wide vacant expance, very thinly populated with humble, rural folk—farmers, shephrds, labourers—living in very humble houses.[47]

The emptiness and silence of this "wide vacant expance" reminds us of "the stillness" and "grey monotonous solitude"[48] in Patagonia that made Hudson say, "to think was like setting in motion a noisy engine in my brain."[49] Thus, Hudson has a feeling and an eye for the "undecorated earth" quite unlike Gilpin's picturesque beauty. So we can not but acknowledge that "the nostalgic emotion"[50] or the preferential and retrospective tendency to such wild nature as of the pampas is a specific character of his view of nature. Seeing these matters, the whole of nauure is, to him, not only a reclaimed and softened nature, or Mother Nature; the mother of men and all life, but also the almighty nature who transcends all that is human and artificial. The mother has within herself all beauty in the visible world and all sweetness, love and compassion in a mother's heart and in all heart.

> My vision of nature as a person that night had no softness or beauty in it and not woman. Standig on the hills I saw him coming up from the illimitable moaning sea,

riding on the blast as on a chariot, and he was himself wind and cloud and sea and land. He towered above the granite hills, blotting out the stars with his streaming hair which covered the heavens like a cloud. I saw his face, dark as granite, as he rose up before me and passed over the stony desolate hills, and his eyes gazing straight before him were like two immense round shields of grey ice and had no speculation in them. This indeed was to my mind the most dreadful thing, that this being, all-powerful and everlasting, creator and slayer of all things that live, of all beauty and sweetness and compassion, was himself without knowledge or thought or emotion, and that which he had made and would unmake was without significance to him.[51]

Nature, as a whole, is "the unseen unknown something"[52] and must be Hudson's God. Nature's ordinance is complete, though it has a darker side that fills him with ineffable melancholy. And there exists in the midst of change a creative driving force which is constantly shaping life. He comes to have also such an evolutionary view of nature.

III His Spirit toward Nature

As Edward Thomas in his book *A Literary Pilgrim in England* says, "Mr. Hudson is a poet and a man of science,"[1] there are the emotional and the scientific tendencies in his spirit toward nature. These two marked tendencies are seen clearly in his words about *Nature in Downland*. He says that he observes the natural objects "from the aesthetic point of view" and "from the point of view of the lover of nature" and "of the field naturalist,"[2] or "evolutionary naturalist,"[3] and describes the impressions of them and "the feelings they evoke in us." This is his fundamental attitude as a essayist.

We had better first make clear the characteristics of his emotional tendency with reference to the former chapter.

Considering his belief that the thing itself is expressionless, and that "we receive but what we give," the expression felt in the thing is, as a matter of course, given by us. So, in a sense, we feel what we see emotionally. But now that the word, "the emotional," is used here, Hudson's own emotions must be grasped.

Hudson's feelings for lower animals essentially consist in admiration of their life and sympathy for them. The admiration, in its extremity, makes him fall into illusion that he were "a creature." And with that sympathy he sees animals on a level with human beings because of the rigid fact that animals also have, more or less, intelligence and mind.

Oneness with nature or being a natural thing, free from selfconsciousness, is his only way of secaping from the sad atmosphere of human life and its eternal tragedy. He comes "to divest himself of himself, to be like the trees and animals"[4] through the medium of wild nature and life. The inclination for non-selfconsciousness and primitive and wild life is a remarkable trait of his character. By the way, he says that when little girls who are in "a period of real existence as small wild animals, nurslings of Nature,"[5] become self-conscious they lose their charm or the best part of it.[6]

We may take the story of "White Owl" as the best example of his sympathy for animals. His sympathy for all living things turns into furious indignation when he sees them deprived of their liberty and beauty by man's cruelties that are due to his insolence and ignorance.

> But from that time I was ashamed to go near him (white owl), or even to look at him; for I had promised him his liberty, and could not keep my word. Nor was it necessary that I should look at to see him; his melancholy image was too deeply graved in my mind... I could only try to believe that there is some foundation for the ancient belief held in so many lands, that the owl is indeed a supernatural, or sacred, bird; that when this captive had been tortured to death and its carcass thrown into the dust-heap, the loving kindness that had been shown to him would have a swift and suitable reward.[7]

Here are found his right understanding and love of the bird and its liberty, and he personifys and sees it on a level with man. So, we can feel the austerity of his mental attitude toward animals, which makes him undergo the human sufferings. For this reason, his sympathy should not be considered as a meaningless empathy or pathetic fallacy or wild fancy. He is convinced of the dignity of life enough to say, "I would never again lift a gun against a wild goose; it was so intelligent a bird that it would be like shooting at a human being."[8] A passage which expresses his belief in the dignity of life is as lollows.

> Small as they (birds) are bodily, in some cases no bigger than one of man's ten toes, we know they are on the same tree of life as ourselves, grown from the same root, with the same warm red blood in their veins, and red blood is thicker than water...[9]

It is nothing but this belief that makes possible his true love for all animals and his right understanding of them. Hudson's suchlike attitude toward living things resembles that of Mary R. Mitford who, seeing "that thing of life," or a magnificient oak tree, conquered and overthrown, exclaims, "Another stroke of the huge hammer on the wedge, and the tree quivers, as with a mortal agony, shakes, reels, and falls," and "How like to death, to human death in its grandest form!"[10]

To Hudson who deeply fixed "Pet nothing" and "Persecute nothing" in his mind, keeping a bird is inhuman and a strange love and kindness that deprive it of liberty and its wonderful faculty of flight (except for inborn caged-birds). And it is not fair that the wheatear should be killed merely to enable London stockbrokers, sporting men and other gorgeous persons to feed every day on "ortolans" at the big Brighton hotels. Moreover, it is sad for those who have the feeling of kinship for all living things to know that killing for sport or fun is not forbidden in Nature's decalogue. Killing a creature is also losing something precious, not, in any ethical sense, seeing that we are in a world where we must kill to live, but valuable to Hudson as a field naturalist who wants to know more about the wonderful and eternal mystery of life itself.

Hudson could not tolerate man's selfishness which debases the dignity of life and liberty, though he admitted Nature's ordinance such as natural death and the struggle for existence. So, he expresses the spirit of birds protection and nature preservation, seeking after peace and harmony in the natural world. He deplores man's inhumanity to animals, saying, "man is little lower than brute."[11] He also says, "We may look forward to the time when feeders on skylarks of today will be dead and themselves eaten by worms, and will have no successor in all these islands."[12]

Animals' intelligence, playful spirit, friendship, parental affection beyond species and communion with men, are not described as an array of fragmentary knowledges. Hudson deals, on the whole, with their love because of which the stories based on the facts appeal not readers' intellect but emotions. Hudson's almost overflowing humanism and a concerto of love between men and animals are essentials of his essays. Morley Roberts in his book *W. H. Hudson, A Portrait* says, "No writer, man or woman, has expressed so well as Hudson the deep essential kinship which pity and understanding reveal between us and what men call the lower creation."[13] What this "kinship" means is that both we and animals have the same origin in the clod of clay, and must be dead and turn to it. This is the very core of his naturalism. He calls us "the weaklings of the animal world,"[14] that is to say, we surpass lower creatures only in intelligence. Animals are not automata but have nostalgia and parental love, and live a sort of mind life. His conviction of animals' mental faculty is summarized in a passage: "The mind in beast and bird, as in man, is the main thing."[15]

Hudson's sympathy and understanding, in co-operation with his power of observation, make it possible for him to describe animals' heart as his own. In this sense, "A Story of a Dog" of *A Traveller in Little Things* is a masterpiece of all his essays.

> Never had I witnessed birds so manifestly rejoicing at their good fortune, with happy, loud caw-caw. Or rather haw-haw ! what a harvest, what abundance ! was there ever a more perfect August and September ! Rain, rain, by night and in the morning; the sun and wind to dry our feathers and make us glad, but never enough to dry the corn to enable them to carry it and build it up in stacks where it would be so much harder to get at. Could anything be better ![16]

In the realm of bird-psychology, as Richard Haymaker points out,[17] Hudson must be acclaimed a great pioneer, but all his description of animals' heart is nothing but imagination. Hudson himself admits that we do not and never can know what an insect knows or feel what it feels, and that their complex orgarns of sense are a mystery or meanigless to us.

Hudson is a soit of naturalist "whose proper study is not mankind but animals, including man; wno does not wish to worry his brains overmuch, and likes to see very many things with vision a little clearer than the ordinary, rather than to see a very few things with preternatural clearness and miss all the rest."[18] And he calls himself a field naturalist, or "an observer of everything he sees—from a man to an ant or a plant."[19] But it is for convenience's sake, because he takes it that the only persons capable of seeing things as they are in their right relations and proportions are those who have no proffesion and no vocation or calling which, when followed with enthusiasm, absorbs their attention. He wants to be a man who is outside of both the artistic and the scientific world, and "whose reasoning and aesthetic faculties are balanced, whose interest is in the whole of life, and who have succeed in preserving perfect independence of mind."[20]

Hudson could observe without any emotion cruellest sights, and in his description of them we can recognize an unhuman world created by his proffesional detachment, and carefulness, keenness of a observing eye. Especially in birds' ecology, Hudson has these virtues of scientific mind plus freshness and richness of speculation. In scientific mind,

Hudson surely partakes of the character of Gilbert White, as well as correctness of his prose, who modestly inquires if his gleanings of natural knowledge from closed Selborne, or "my microcosm,"[21] may lead to main discoveries of natural principles. Hudson has indeed a scientific mind, the gifts and knowledge of a naturalist, but that is "a mere fraction of his value and interest."[22]

Next quotation is the description of a eagle-owl he shot, and in it exists distinctly an unhuman world more than that makes him say, "When a bird was shot and dropped dead like a stone, I was not disturbed."[23]

> There, in such a scene, and with the wintry quiet of the desert over it all, I found my victim stung by his wounds to fury and prepared for the last supreme effort. ... Each particular feather stood out on end, the wide open and rigid, so that the bird, that had clutched the grass with his great feathered claws, swayed his body slowly from side to side... The black horns stood erect, while in the center of the wheel-shaped head the beak snapped incessantly, producing a sound resembling the clicking of a sewing-machine.... The irides were of a bright orange colour, but every time I attempted to approach the bird they kindled into great globes of quivering yellow flame, the black pupils being surrounded by a scintillating crimson light which threw out minute yellow sparks into the air.[24]

This is no doubt what R. E. Haymaker called "a certain impersonal unhuman note."[25] As a naturalist Hudson describes the struggle for existence, Nature's violence, men's inhumanity and cruelty to animals, landlords' oppression and agricultural labourers' destress as they are. In this respect he is a realist and his "realism allows him to see the pitiless aspect of nature in its true perspective"[26] and accept it steadily. Owing to this realism he also draws himself from poetic illusion. But it is really regrettable that he scamps the description of stream of consciousness, saying, "At any rate, I don't want to see all of a person's inside."[27] He does not want to be teased or tormented with restless desire to pry into and minutely examine the secret colour and texture of the mind of others.

In spite of the scientific mind and power of observation, his statement and descriptions are unscientific, for they are nothing but a product of his own personal experience and require objectivity so little. His words, however, express considered opinions that are founded not on other men's observations and writings but solely on his personal observation. In this point Hudson is just that man Gilbert White called an out-door naturalist who "takes his observations from the subject itself, and not from the writings of others."[28]

By the way, the fundamental difference of attitude toward animals between White and Hudson is, generally speaking, that the former, fearlessly striving for truth, attempts to understand animals so materially that he, with restrained emotion, becomes an anatomist of birds, and on the contrary, the latter approaches emotionally and aesthetically to their life, charm, expession and feelings.

With reference to the unscientific traits, Hudson owns that he never was scientific, and thinks very little of academic and scientific people who concerns themselves only with the dry details of the subject.[29] Exert ornithologist as he is, he can not deal with any question in the driest and coldest light, feeling much difficulty in dealing with anything without

emotion. For these reasons, most of his nature books are, as he remarks on *Nature in Downland*, "not entertaining enough for those who read for pleasure only, nor sufficiently scientific and crammed with facts for readers who thirst after knowledge."[30]

Thus we have seen two tendencies of his spirit to nature respectively, and yet we should regard his spirit as an union of emotion and science. Hudson expresses an opinion that it is necessary to live with and observe the lower animals *closely* and *sympathetically* to see and recognize their spirituality. These two adverves may be substituted for *correctly* and *emotionally*. If so, that union is easily found even in his opinion.

> This character of the blackbird's music, which I have been discussing—its resemblance to human-made music—is not the whole nor the principal cause of its charm. The charm is chiefly due to the intrinsic beauty of the sound; it is a fluty sound and has that quality of the flute suggestive of the human voice, the voice in the case of blackbird of an exquisitely pure and beautiful contralto. The effect is greatly increased by the manner in which the notes are emitted—trolled out leisurely, as if by a being at peace and supremely happy, and able to give the feeling its most perfect expression.
>
> It is this delicious song of the blackbird—a voice of the loveliest quality, with an expression derived from its resemblance to a melodious, brightened human voice, uttered in a leisurely and careless manner, as of a person talking sweetly and mingling talk with snatches of song—it is all this combined which has served to make the blackbird a favourite and more to most of us a songster than any other, not excepting the nightingale.[31]

Another important matter in his spirit toward nature is his unselfishness. This makes it possible for him to express a peaceful world with little trouble in a small essay; a world of men and lower creatures, and the common blessings of Nature. And in his writings wrought with mind liberated from super-ego are no insistence, exaggeration, pedantry, and persistence, but unselfconsciousness and something which warms and softens the readers' heart. Most appeal of his essays surely lies in these points. His mind becomes, as it is, expression and if there is any art in it, it is "the unerring artless art"[32] which is instinctive and direct. The very simplicity and intimacy of his prose, which John Galsworthy called "singular faculty," allows him to communicate thought and feeling free from the barries of style. Is it too much to say that his art springs principally from his suchlike mind? Common things seem rare and beautiful to him, so that his mind's eye can find beauty everywhere. Two skechbooks, *A Traveller in Little Things* and *The Land's End*, are masterpieces wrought with such a mind. The former was published when he was eighty years old, and the latter, sixty-seven. Therefore, they were no doubt wrought in his advanced life. We can feel something like his mind's maturity or philosophy especially in the former, and in which is not any ostentatious expression of thought and emotion but only love for man and nature, deepening in his heart without overflow. And the simplicity of his expression gives us an impression of black and white drawing. '*A Little Girl Lost*,' '*The Samphire Gatherer*,' '*Dimples*,' '*An Impression of Penzance*,' and '*Cornish Humour*' of both books are filled with his suchlike mind and humanism.

A few days ago there were a few small flocks of sandpipers, at differnt points along

> the beach where we were walking···knots, dunlins, and dotterel. We stood some time watching one small flock at a distance of forty yards. I remarked to my wife that they were always very tame when they arrived at this season on the British coast, on their way back from the arctic regions; "If you want to see their wingmarkings you must make them fly." So she walked to them and to within *eight yards* before they rose up and flew a few yards off and alighted again. There is no shooting yet here, and one would think that man and birds had made peace.[33]

These passages are from his letter to Edward Garnett, written when he was sixty-four. Can we not see the pith and marrow of his mature mind through them? Here is no thought, satire and passion but only a peaceful mind.

Thus Hudson, with these above-mentioned spirit, saw nothing but "a blade of grass," or nature, in the world with clear vision, and knowing better the futility of 'views,' turned with a shrug and a sigh back to his permanent interests. Moreover, being conscious of the transitoriness of most things human, he enjoyed oneness with Nature. He sees nature as she is, and nothing human suggested in nature, so that he confused nature with human affairs very rarely. Even his bitter criticism on civilization is, for the most part, founded on the evolutionary view of nature and 'wise passiveness' that does not neglect "Nature's unconscious intelligence." In spite of delights in nature, he knows "the sad harmonies and crude discords in the symphony of creation"[34] that cause much sorrow to him. So, he says, "the beautiful has vanished and returns not"[35] and "the beautiful, which cannot be preserved in our age."[36] Would it be true to say that his "interested, armed detachment"[37] is a barrier he placed between himself and all the world; "a barrier as an *armour*" against the sorrows which he felt all too keenly?

IV Human Race

Hudson is a naturalist of men and women. To him man is one of the animals and called "human animal."[1] He says, "Man's love for man is most beautiful."[2] and loves shepherds nearer to natural men, not townsmen infected with the contagion of civilization. It is worthy of special mention that in *A Shepherd's Life* the human note is heightened for the first time. So, we need to inquire into his love and understanding of shepherds through this work.

He says as follows, seeing the shepherds of Salisbury Plains:

> The final effect of this wide, green space with signs of human life and labour on it, and sight of animals—sheep cattle—at various distances, is that we are not aliens here, intruders or invaders on the earth, living in it but apart, perhaps hating and spoiling it, but with the other animals are children of Nature, like them living and seeking our subsistence under her sky, familiar with her sun and wind and rain.[3]

Here Hudson feels the "sense of man's harmony and oneness with nature." And humble cottagers of vale of the Wylye are rooted in the soil and flourish and die like trees in the same place, and are buried with no memory in the little shady churchyard. Yet, he would rather know the histories of these humble and unremembered than the great of the vale who have left a menory, because they live a natural or primitive life.

Hudson recognizes the ultimate value of nature and his attitude toward it is "wise passiveness," so that he values anything rural and thinks that while townsmen are infected with "the modern curse or virus of restlessness and dissatisfaction with their life,"[4] they, shepherds, living alone with nature and breathing the pure atmosphere, do not know that contagion or else their blood is proof against such a malady. And they may lead cleaner, saner, and less strenuous lives than in the great centres of population, and have other and better ideals.

Caleb Bowcome, a leading character in *A Shepherd's Life*, lives a life of the extremest simplicity, of but "few comforts and no luxuries"[5] and of hard labour in all weathers, and his habits are like instincts. He exists all his life fully in a state of nature, and knows, as animals do, how to meet the changes of circumstances, with only the light of nature to go by.

Caleb sees creatures *emotionally* and has sympathy for them, so that their actions have stamped themselves on his memory. Especially in the case of his own dogs, his feeling for them makes it impossible for him to forget them or to recall them without that tendereness which accompanies the thought of vanished human friends. In lesser degree he has something of this feeling for all animals, down even to the most minute and unconsidered. Contented with humble lot, Caleb says, "We must take what is sent," and if it was offered to him and he was told to choose his work, he would say, "Give me my Wiltshire Downs again and let me be a shepherd there all my life long."[6]

Caleb knows it is true that the shepherds are sober and righteous men and walk with God every day of their lives, though seldom see the inside of a church. Hudson discovers "something of the ancient spirit"[7] in Caleb and other old shepherds like him, so that he seems to find himself among the people of the past. That "ancient spirit" is what makes them closely resemble the characters of the Bible: Jacob, Abraham and the rest. The old Bible stories have a reality and significance for the shepherds of the downs, and they recognize their own spiritual lineaments in these antique portraits. Even the events of the Bible stories might have happened a few years ago and not far away.

> Their very phraseology was strongly reminiscent of that of the sacred writings, and their character in the best specimens was like that of the far past who lived *nearer to God*, as we say, and certalnly *nearer to nature* than it is possible for us in this artificial state.[8]
>
> (italics not in the original)

Too much beer causes them to be not very thrifty and not very pure (In some of the villages illegitimate children are as plentiful as blackberries), but altogether the good qualities are greater than the vices. They are "their rock-like stability of character, their sturdy independence of spirit, and, with it, patient contentment with a life of unremitting toil," and "their intense individuality."[9] Caleb's life, spent in roaming about the country, his very perfect health and his hatred of the very atmosphere of any indoor place producing a suffocating and sickening effect on him, fills Hudson with great admiration, so he expresses, "His was the wild, the real life, and it seemed to me that there was no other worth living."[10]

By the way, the villagers of Cornwall are "like children of a large growth"[11] not only with regard to the aesthetic faculties but in mind and disposition, and they are only feeling, thinking and acting in accordance with their true natures. However, Hudson admires "their perennial vitality, their fresh impressible mind and sense of eternal youth and curious interest in little things which never fades and fails."[12]

Shepherds of the downs and Cornishmen have relation to primitive man or the savage more or less. Therefore, it is necessary to understand "Old Man," so Hudson too calls primitive man, with reference to his experience in Patagonia. Return to an instinctive or primitive state of mind brings about a feeling of elation or escape from captivity, for the civilized life is but a continual repression. Hudson experiences this feelng and loses the higher intellectual faculties, so his mental state has *gone back* to that of the pure savage. He thinks little, reasons little, having a surer guide in his instict; he, in perfect harmony with nature, is nearly on a level, mentally, with the wild animal. That experience in Patagonia convinced him that "we might learn something by looking more beneath the hardened crust of custom into still burning core,"[13] and that we are still one with the savage in our inmost natures, our deepest feelings. The lesson given to him is generally about "the still burning core."

> The hidden fiery core is nearer to us than we ordinarily imagine, and its heat still permeates the crust to keep us warm. This is, no doubt, a matter of annoyance and even grief to those who grow impatient at Nature's unconscionable slowness; who wish to be altogether independent of such *an underlring brute energy*; to live on *a cool crust* and rapidly grow angelic. But, as things are, it is, perhaps, better to be still, for a while, a little lower than the angels: we are hardly in a position just yet to dispense with the unangelic qualities, even in this exceedingly complex state, in which we appear to be so effectually "hedged in from harm."[14]
>
> (italics not in the original)

We may take "a cool crust" for the world of consciousness, reason and intellect, and "an underlying brute energy" for that of unconsciousness and instinct. He only appreciates the fullness of life based on instinct or unconsciousness, and urges its valus and availability but never extols barbarism.[15] For he thinks that the instincts, embedded as they are in the unconscious, put us in closest touch with the existential processes and are the primary creative forces in our lives, and on the contrary, the intellect, without such sense of direction, is a less trustworthy guide and may keep us from all that is sweetest and most precious in life.

> And until we get a better civilisation more equal in its ameliorating effect on all classes—if there must be classes—and more likely to endure, it is perhaps a fortunate thing that we have so far failed to eliminate the "savage" in us—the "Old Man" as some might prefer to call it. *Not a respectable Old Man. but a very useful one* occasionally, when we stand in sore need of his services and he comes promptly and unsummoned to our aid.[16]
>
> (italics not in the original)

Hudson regards the knowledge of heart, gained through the feelings and intuition, as

superior to that of the brain. Feeling is of course the primal mode by which the mind, in its original unconscious state, stored experience and shaped it into patterns. Our less fundamental intellectual consciousness, evolved out of the same matrix in order to deal with a more complex milieu, is a later and more fallible development. Since the universal spirit seems more akin to our earlier unconscious mind, our communion with it is more attainable through the intuition than through discursive reasoning. And without the intuition which Hudson includes in instincts so he believes, art and religion would wither away, and the induvidual and society would no longer be able to co-operate with Nature in their further evolution.

In spite of his emphasis upon the prime importance of the feelings and the intuition, he realizes how subject they are to personal vagaries, and also how great is the margin of error in all the instrument of knowledge. So he respects the processes of logic for their dicipline role. And he thinks that doubtless man is naturally scientific, but his older, deeper, primitive, still persistent nature is non-scientific and mythical, and in spite of reason, he wonders at the change, a manifestation of the intelligent life and power that is in all things.

The intelligent life and power are "Nature's unconscious intelligence," and in which Hndson believed so firmly that he had an evolutionary view of nature such as seen in his opinion that a touch of war is "the only remedy for the present disease."[17] Moreover, his high regard for instincts and his manliness lead him to the thought of "bullet for bullet" or "blow for blow."

Hubson says in his letter to E. Garnett, "Mine is the simple one (world), the uncomplex, and I live the life of Reason and common sense, but it is the lower sort of reason based on instinct—shelter, food, self-preservation and all that."[18] And M. Roberts remarks that Hudson believed in and trusted his own instincts through everything.[19] Judging from these matters, he seems to be a natural man or "a product of Nature" leading a instinctive life. So, he expresses his love for the people of the small rustic community: "I am one of them, a villager with the village mind, and no wish for any other,"[20] and tries to gain a better understanding of savages and primitive men through his affinity and identification with them.

His description of the shepherds and villagers is not restricted to their virtues and the peacefulness of their lives. But, observing theire dire poverty as social phenomena, and their undesirable qualities such as "a streak or vein of stupidity"[21] and "ignorance," he describes them without any distortion of facts, not yet without deep love for them.

> ...Thus every village, as a rule, had its dozen or twenty or more men thrown out each year—good steady men, with families dependent on them; and besides these there were the aged and weaklings and the lads who had not yet got a place. The misery of these out-of-work labourers was extreme. They would go to the woods and gather faggots of dead wood, which they would try to sell in the villages; but there were few who could afford to buy of them; and at night they would skulk about the fields to rob a swede or two to satisfy the craving of hunger.[22]

As Hudson said, "I am out of the world"[23] and owned his nonpolitical disposition, on the whole no political subject appealed to him unless it touched his instincts or his

general love of wide scientific thinking, even after M. Roberts tried to show him that politics might be considered in the light of biology; that they were the processes by which the huge and undeveloped social organism adapted itself clumsily to new conditions. Nevertheless. Hudson depicts the miserable state of the villager whose land and woods have been confiscated by the landlord, and the agricultural labours' rising, and how extroadinarily the judges fell into "human devils," and how oppressive and merciless were the laws under their control. Thus, in this way, Hudson is at least a hardened down-walker "out for the reality and not the mere pastral ideality of the things."[24]

What Hudson heartily dislikes is the effect of magnificient and munificient person's position, or that of "a giant among pigmies" who dominated everybody and everything, on lowly minds about him; "servility, hypocrisy and parasitism which spriug up and flourish in his wide shadow whether he likes these moral weeds or not."[25] Thus, though Hudson has little interest in politics, he can not bear man's inhumanity to man. And in the human note of his essays, that is a warm undercurrent intermingling with his rich intellectual interests, there is profound humanity such as seen in his words: "It is always a relief —a positive pleasure in fact to find myself in a village which has no squire,"[26] and also in the following:

> It is a pity that the history of this rising of the agricultural labourer, the most patient and submissive of men, has never been written. Nothing, in fact, has ever been said of it except from the point of view of landowners and farmers, but there is ample material for a truer and a moving narrative, not only in the brief reports in the papers of the time, but also in the memories of many persons still living, and of their children and children's children, preserved in many a cottage throughout the south of England.[27]

V Conclusion

Just as M. Roberts says about Hudson, "He is a mystery" and "to catch him is like catching the song of birds for a book,"[1] to reckon up his view of nature in intellectual terms seems to be a vain task. To build him from his books, self-revealing as they may be, would give much but leave more unsaid. In his main essays, however, his characteristic view of nature is considerably expressed, and there are many aspects of it quite different from those of other naturalists.

He is born and bred a natural man, and becmes a wild creature of the earth's various fertility whenever he is one with Nature. Oneness with Nature is, for him, no difficulty or strangeness. It differs Hudson from H. D. Thoreau who was conscious of the distance between himself and Nature until he could say, "I will go and come with strange liberty in Nature, a part of herself."[2] It also differs him from Richard Jefferies in whom he feels a "strain of intense unnatural feeling which touches the borders of insanity."[3]

Hudson lets his own supersensitive senses and the primeval pampas be his true teachers and weaves the cunning diversity of pattern, in which lies indeed the aesthetic charm of every chapter and of his nature books as a whole. A pattern of blended tones and glowing colours enmeshes Nature's variability and elusiveness, her mutability and fecundity. And

that pattern is secured by "his many glancing, allusive, yet detailed stroke, by his genius for swift observation, by his far ranging knowledge, his human curiosity, his freshness of emotion, his deep passion and spiritual tenderness, all directed by his aesthetic faculty."[4]

Hudson, like G. White, awakens "our affections and our admirations"[5] for Nature by putting down what he sees and feels, out of sheer love of the thing seen and the emotion felt. His work is "remote from the fret and dust and pettiness of town life;"[6] it is large, direct, free, quickened and sweetened by sun and the rain, and by kinship with all the other forms of life. Hudson really gives a Nature's truest vision to us who are more want of it than any generation has ever been.

Notes

II

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4. "Introduction" by Edward Garnett to *Letters from W. H. Hudson to Edward Garnett*, (London and Tronto: J. M. Dent& Sons, 1923), p. 11.
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8. *Ibid.*, p. 27.
9. W. H. Hudson, *A Shepherd's Life*, ("Everyman's Library"; J. M. Dent & Sons, 1936), p. 24.
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11. W. H. Hudson, *Idle Days in Patagonia*, p. 148.
12. *Adventures among Birds*, p. 41.
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15. *Ibid.*, pp. 92—93.
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17. *Ibid.*, pp. 26—27.
18. *Idle Days in Patagonia*, pp. 199—200.
19. *Ibid.*, 205.
20. Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Nature, The Conduct of Life and Other Essays*, ("Everyman's Library"; J. M. Dent & Sons, 1963), p. 4.
21. *A Hind in Richmond Park*, p. 297.
22. *Ibid.*, p. 283.
23. *Adventures among Birds*, p. 143.
24. W. H. Hudson, *The Laud's End*, (London: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1923), p. 34.
25. *A Shepherd's Life*, p. 213.
26. W. H. Hudson, *Far Away & Long Ago*, (London: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1951), p. 224.
27. Morley Roberts, *op. cit.*, p. 143.
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29. *Nature in Dowuland*, p. 236.
30. *Adventures among Birds*, p. 102.
31. Robert Hamilton, *W. H. Hudson, The Vision of Earth*, (London: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1946), p. 135.
32. *Ibid.*, p. 2.

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34. *Adventures among Birds*, p. 105.
35. *Nature in Downlaud*, p. 133.
36. "Introduction" by R. B. Cunningham to *Far Away & Long Ago*, p. vi.
37. William Wordsworth, 'The Table Turned,' *1.* 16.
38. *Far Away & Long Ago*, p. 332.
39. *Adventures among Birds*, p. 151.
40. W. H. Hudson, *A Traller in Little Things*, (London and Tront: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1921), p. 244.
41. *Far Away & Long Ago*, p. 6.
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44. *Adventures among Birds*, p. 160.
45. "Introduction" by J. C. Squire to Mary Mitford's *Our Village*, ("Everyman's Library; 1963), p. xi.
46. *A Shepherd's Life*, p. 30.
47. *Ibid.*, p. 46.
48. *Idle Days in Patagonia*, p. 194.
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50. "Introduction" by David Dewar to *Idle Days in Patagonia*, p. vi.
51. *Tha Land's End*, p. 224.
52. W. H. Hudson, *Green Mansions: Souch American Romances*, (London: Gerald Duckworth, 1966), p. 245.

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2. *Naure in Downland*, p. 18.
3. *A Hind in Richmond Park*, p. 308.
4. *A Traveller in Little Things*, p. 201.
5. Morley Roberts, *op. cit.*, p. 282.
6. *A Traveller in Little Things*, p. 201.
7. *Nature in Downland*, p. 258.
8. *Adventures among Birds*, p. 44.
9. *Ibid.*, p. 209.
10. Mary Mitford, *Our Village*, ("Everyman's Library"), p. 145.
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12. *Nature in Downland*, p. 131.
13. Morley Roberts, *op. cit.*, p. 101.
14. *A Hind in Richmond Park*, p. 232.
15. *Ibid.*, p. 6.
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17. Richard E. Haymaker, *op. cit.*, p. 230.
18. *Nature in Downland*, p. 98.
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21. Gilbert White, *The Natural History of Selborne*, ("Everyman's Library"; J. M. Dent & Sons, 1966), p. 146.
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24. *Idle Days in Patagouia*, pp. 176—177.
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26. Robert Hamilton, *op. cit.*, p. 31.
27. *Letters from W. H. Hudson to Edward Garnett*, p. 198.
28. Gilbert White, *op. cit.*, p. 113.

29. Morley Roberts, *op. cit.*, p. 193.
30. *Nature in Downland*, p. 6.
31. *Adventures among Birds*, p. 187.
32. "Introduction" by Ernest Rhys to *A Shepherd's Life*, ("Everyman's Library"; J. M. Dent & Sons, 1961), p. vi.
33. *Letters from W. H. Hudson to Edward Garnett*, p. 165.
34. Robert Hamilton, *op. cit.*, p. 30.
35. *A Hind in Richmond Park*, p. 174.
36. *A Shepherd's Life*, p. 17.
37. Morley Roberts, *op. cit.*, p. 36.

IV

1. *A Hind in Richmond Park*, p. 77.
2. *Idle Days in Patagonia*, p. 28.
3. *A Shepherd's Life*, p. 31.
4. *Nature in Downland*, p. 115.
5. *A Shepherd's Life*, p. 42.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 247.
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9. *Nature in Downland*, p. 102.
10. *A Shepherd's Life*, p. 212.
11. *The Land's End*, p. 178.
12. *Ibid.*, p. 162.
13. *Idle Days in Patagonia*, p. 212.
14. *Ibid.*, pp. 213—214.
15. D. H. Lawrence's insistence on 'flesh' goes against Hudson. He remarks on *Sons and Lovers*: "A very good book indeed except in that portion where he (Lawrence) relapses into old sty··· the necksucking and wallowing in sweating flesh. It is like an obsession, a madness, but he may outlive it as so many other writers have done." (*Letters from W. H. Hudson to Edward Garnett*, p. 130.)
16. *Idle Days in Patagonia*, p. 217.
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19. Morley Roberts, *op. cit.*, p. 78.
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